

Sisters' S. C. E.

FROM THE PRESIDENT.

Since my last communication, I have visited the churches at Roanoke, Clear Creek, North Manchester, Sidney, Claypool, New Highland, and Burn's Chapel. At Clear Creek and Manchester, they have had S. S. C. E's., the latter being one of the first organized after the revision of the constitution. At the other points I did not succeed in organizing, though I put forth some very earnest efforts,—efforts which I trust will not be measured by results. The work through this part of the state has been rather discouraging, yet faith whispers that that which is sown in prayers and tears, will by and by yield the golden harvest, even though at present there seems so little promise.

I am now at Tiosa, at the hospitable home of brother David Swonger, whom many of our brethren will remember as one of the most jolly, genial, and kind-hearted men in our brotherhood. Not less kind and good-natured is his wife. Having long years ago laid their own little ones to sleep in the quiet church-yard, they are now father and mother to all the wandering preachers who come this way. Only those who spend much of their time away from home and loved ones, know how to appreciate such hospitality and kindness. When I look back over the events of the last ten months, and remember the many pleasant homes I have visited, and the kindness and hospitality I have enjoyed, at the hands of so many, I can only say, "God bless them."

Perhaps some of my readers will be surprised when I tell them that many of our brethren, *our preachers*, go from this home carrying, not a flask, concealed in a pocket, but a *jug*, and though I am a woman, one of these same jugs has been proffered to me. Even Brother Ditch, in whom all our people have had such utmost confidence, and who has been to those around him, a bright example in conduct and conversation, went from here a few weeks ago, carrying a jug. And if these jugs are concealed, it is not Brother Swonger's fault. He believes in being true to one's colors. It might be in place however for me to say that they contain only bright, rich maple syrup, some of Brother Swonger's own making, a product which any one may be proud to put upon his table. I hope our ministering brethren will not take advantage of the facts I have just divulged, and all come flocking this way in order to carry away some maple syrup. Come with nobler, better motives and purposes than that. Pardon

this digression, but one could not easily remain long in Brother Swonger's home without catching some of his jolly spirit. It's human nature to laugh with those who laugh.

While at Manchester, at Brother Perry's home, Sister Perry and I sent out the report blanks to all the societies. By this time, you have received them. We hope you will not neglect them, but will fill them out and send to me promptly by August 15. This will give us time to prepare a summary for conference, so that this work need not be done at the conference. There will necessarily need be some work done at the conference, apart from the general sessions, but we want to make it as little as possible, so that we shall be free to enjoy as much as possible of the general work. As the program for General Conference has not yet been published, we can not tell what time will be assigned to the Sister's work, but before we are ready to present our work, we shall need to hold a short session of our own.

In my next communication, I shall speak of the work to be done at that session. Suggestions for the work will be gladly accepted.

We hope our sisters are not forgetting to prepare articles for our conference sale at the College for the benefit of the S. S. C. E. Let all prepare some article, even though it be not in value, more than a dime. Every dime, every nickle helps. These articles can be sent in charge of delegates, or where any church or society will not be represented, they can be sent by express or even by mail.

We hope all societies that possibly can, will be represented by delegates. As the conference is not far distant, it is time now for the delegates to be chosen. Elect your delegates, and send them with credentials. Don't neglect this matter, and feel that it doesn't amount to anything. It is the doing or the neglecting of little things like these that brings success or failure to an enterprise. Let us put forth every effort to make this work a success. Let us do with our might, what our hands find to do; then in that day when "we shall stand before the King" it shall be said of us in commendation, "She hath done what she could."

LAURA E. N. GROSSNICKLE.

"THERE are some books that are silver; a very few are gold, but I have one that is worth them all. It is called the Bible. —John Newton.

THE mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him, and His righteousness unto children's children.—Bible.

AN ENCOURAGING LETTER.

From a letter received from sister Melvena Baughman of the Williamstown church of Ohio, I copy the following, thinking it will be encouraging to others, as it is to me.

"We are prospering finely in our S. S. C. E. We received ten new members the next Sunday after organization, two the next, and two at our last meeting, making thirty-two in all. We have decided to hold our business and religious meetings upon the last Thursday of each month, and will work any Thursday that we can get work to do. We have devotional exercises at 3 P. M., on our work days. We have worked two days at general sewing at one dollar per day. On the first day, twelve workers were present, and on the second, twenty-two. The sisters are taking hold of the work much better than I expected them to do.

Wishing you success in your work for the Master, I am yours,

MRS. MELVENA BAUGHMAN.

This was the last society I organized in Ohio, and is in the country, and this report is quite encouraging. Will not others tell us of their work, for the encouragement of all? It will be but little work for you, and much help to others.

LAURA E. N. GROSSNICKLE.

SOAKING UP SUNSHINE.

Hi! Jimmy! Come down here! Let's sit on the bridge and go round when she turns."

This from a ten-year-old street-boy standing on the approach to a bridge over the Erie Canal in an interior city.

The person addressed was a fellow street-boy standing on a raised foot-bridge over the muddy waterway. He was no older than his companion and fully as ragged. He was lame and carried a crutch, but he had his compensation in a philosophy of contentment that old Horace might have envied.

He stood upon the footbridge and answered:—

"Naw. Can't. Got t' stay here."

"Aw come on down. What d'ye hang up there fur? Lots o' fun swingin' around here. We kin git on a boat and go over the aqueduct and ride back on another. Aw, come on down."

"Naw, can't do it."

"Why not? What yer wants ter fool round up there fur? Aint no fun up there."

"Wall," was the answer that Jimmy drawled out, with as solemn a face as a cadet on parade, "I can't come down no-how. I've got ter stay up here and soak in all the sunshine I kin, so as I kin laugh when it rains."—*Youth's Companion*.